

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

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State Prison Carpenter Warden	John W. Jones
State Prison Painter Warden	John W. Jones
State Prison Bricklayer Warden	John W. Jones
State Prison Stonemason Warden	John W. Jones

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS	
Monday, September 11, Fourth Ward	8:00 P. M.
Tuesday, September 12, Fifth Ward	8:00 P. M.
Wednesday, September 13, Sixth Ward	8:00 P. M.
Thursday, September 14, Seventh Ward	8:00 P. M.
Friday, September 15, Eighth Ward	8:00 P. M.
Saturday, September 16, Ninth Ward	8:00 P. M.
Sunday, September 17, Tenth Ward	8:00 P. M.

WEATHER	
Washington, Sept. 11.—For lower and upper Michigan: Showers, cooler in extreme Northwest, portion of lower Michigan; westerly winds.	

JOHN DENNIS.
It appears that the Chinese are on the verge of a revolt against the Geary bill, which provides that every alien-owned business shall register its name and deposit his photograph with the custom officers before next May or suffer a penalty of deportation. The "Six Companies" have decreed that no Chinaman shall submit to what they esteem an indignity, and the decrees of the "Six Companies" are inflexible as an iron bridge truss. No Chinaman dares to cross the purposes of the "Six Companies" for to do so means death. These organizations are linked together in an all-powerful confederacy. They not only govern the Chinese collectively, but their authority extends to the individual. They control the commercial and industrial enterprises of their countrymen with a rigor that will discount the tyranny of the most oppressive monopoly. Every Chinaman owes his first allegiance to the "Six Companies." He is imported by them, furnished employment, paid and protected by them. The murderous highlanders receive their orders from the "big six," and woe be to the copper-headed heathen upon whom a cloud of displeasure falls. Having proclaimed that no Chinaman shall comply with the law, no Chinaman will do it. To violate the decree, notwithstanding its alternative sections, is to court assassination. Therefore the Geary law will be ignored and its constitutionality made a matter for test so soon as any attempt to deport a resolute Chinaman shall be made.

PECK'S AMBITION.
Early last May in a letter to the editor of the Hornellsville (N.Y.) Tribune, Labor Commissioner Peck wrote: "When my report does come out all the protection papers of the whole country will have to stand from under. I am tabulating the data and statistics of the industrial census have taken the year before and the year after the McKinley bill went into effect and McKinley has been demonstrated to warrant me in claiming that it will furnish the most complete refutation of the theories of protectionists in regard to wages that has ever been published." In the language Mr. Peck clearly discloses the purpose he had in view. As a democrat, an appointee of Cleveland, he desired to compile a report from statistics that would refute the claims of the protectionists. That was his democratic ambition. To realize it he would combat the returns and exaggerate the favorable figures. He went about his work with a zeal inspired by the belief that he would be able to paralyze the republicans with astonishment when his report should be made public. With that end in view he began to fabricate the answers to his 5,000 inquiries. The first results encouraged him to believe that not a single increase in wages was attributable to protection. He continued to fabricate, and at the conclusion of his work he gave to the public the report which was to undo protectionists. It shows that under the McKinley bill the wages increased over \$4,000,000; the net value of products increased over \$30,000,000, and the average yearly wage increased \$3.11. It hasn't paralyzed the republicans to any appreciable extent, but it struck the democratic speechless.

SUSTAINED A SHOCK.
Says Henry Glavin: The law improving tendencies in the investment markets have sustained a severe shock from the wide prevalence of cholera in Europe and the danger of its getting a foothold in the United States. It is true that, thus far, we have been able to keep the pestilence outside our gates, and so long as the means of warding off are applied with the same promptness, vigil and intelligence as for the last two weeks, there is good reason to believe that our country populations may be saved from invasion by the disease. Moreover, the government's

order, subjecting arriving vessels to twenty days' detention in quarantine, has had a most salutary effect, inasmuch as it not only insures the prevention of infected persons from landing on our shores, but has the still more important effect of causing the European steamship lines to suspend the westward transport of emigrants—the chief means of conveying the infection—until the scourge has run its course. From this time forward, therefore, only first and second-class passengers will enter our ports, which will reduce the chances for cholera getting inland to a comparatively light affair. Still, the presence of the gloomy paraphernalia of quarantine right under our eyes, and the constant cable reports of the devastations of the disease in other countries, together with the possibility that its subtle might may find its way through all our obstructions, are matters calculated to keep up a feeling of insecurity until the plague has disappeared by a process of natural exhaustion. Nor is it the mere horror of the disease that affects business confidence. Its spread in European ports has a very direct tendency to check imports of American products; for not only are merchants at the infected ports desirous of holding the smallest possible stocks of goods that may carry contagion, but their trade is crippled and their means of meeting their liabilities are becoming seriously impaired; so much so in the case of Hamburg that the bankers of that city have found it necessary to allow thirty days' grace on obligations maturing in September.

Hill has capitulated. The shrewdest democratic politician New York has produced in late years has been outgeneraled, outlanked, outwitted. He bows to his defeat after two months of silent silence and consents to taste the dregs of bitterness brewed from the blasting of his political ambitions. He will take the stump. His words will not be freighted with admiration for the Joss of Buzzard's Bay, but he will level his broadsides at the bogie issue of the campaign—the force bill. He cannot defend the "man of destiny," but he can conjure up a man of straw and proceed to knock it out. Inasmuch as David is forced to stump, it is quite apropos that he should talk of force.

SULLIVAN returned to New York a sober but badly smashed man. He is disappointed expectations in that he shows more of the spirit of a gentleman than he has been credited with. He frankly admits he was fairly whipped, and declares that Corbett is the cleverest man in the country. If he will keep sober for one consecutive month John's defeat will have made a greater man of him than all his victories.

One of the most peculiar features of the campaign is the frantic attempt made by the democrats to read the Force bill into the Republican platform. There isn't a line in that instrument that can be construed as an endorsement of the Lodge measure, although it demands that every citizen shall have the right to vote and to have it counted.

Governor Flower happened to have the cash to advance to pay for Fire Island and his act in doing so is not more entitled to credit than the will of a man who would do the same thing if he had the cash. There's the faintest suggestion of Tammany about the princely philanthropy of the millionaire governor.

Dr. Jenkins seems to be master of the situation in New York's quarantine station. Neither "wealth nor earthly power" are available to secure a man's release once he is condemned to the place of detention.

Over in Kansas the cranks and democrats refuse to fuse by hurling gavel and branding revolvers. In Michigan the democrats prostrate themselves in the dust and take whatever the cranks give them.

Latter advances from Hamburg are to the effect that the plague is steadily increasing in virulence and a slight increase in the number of deaths is reported. Stop immigration until this city is cleansed.

Is the "barn-burner" and "bunker" of '44 flourished this year, what a picnic Illinois would have done the Colossus of Rhodes act to keep in the middle of the road with both factions.

There are said to be two or three counties in Michigan that have no candidate for the nomination for supreme court justice; but their names have not been published.

A writer Rivers is said to be writing a sequel to "The Quick or the Dead." Unless she tones down her style the new book will have to be printed on asbestos paper.

Now they talk of running Corbett for congress in a California district. If elected, Pompadour Jim ought not to have much trouble in catching the speaker's eye.

In its discussions of the Sullivan-Corbett fight the New York Sun has almost lost sight of that Force Bill and No Negro Domination!

PETE AND HIS HATS

The Nondescript Frequenter of the Morton

TALKS GLIBLY IN ODD RHYMES

His Ready Wit and Independence of Care—A Pathetic Side to His Demented Career.

A character that has become conspicuous about town is the queer looking individual who may be seen on the streets and in the hotels, with his armful of hats. They all know him as Pete, and he is not without a history. He scarcely ever speaks to anyone except in rhyme, and it is rhyme of the crudest and toughest kind too. Ask him his name and he will reply:

"My name is Peter Brander, Meek of the time I wander, Came from Poland, Not from Poland, I'll give you a hundred cases."

Pete will get this off with a smile that is irresistible and as funny as Sol Smith Russell as Noah Vale in "A Poor Relation." After he smiles he may say:

"I'll give you another rhyme For a dime, just at dinner time."

Pete's mania is collecting odd hats and he may be seen some times with a dozen or more under his arm—of course many have remarked that he does so because he is continually talking through his hat. He is demented but harmless, and there is just enough ingenuity and cunning left in his distracted globe to prompt him to, for their dimes and nickels. Pete attracts attention for his make-up. He may be seen with a different style hat on at least a half a dozen times a day.

His overcoat is bulky and decidedly at variance with anything that fashion has decreed within late years. His necktie is more modern and sometimes quite flashy. He carries either a cane or an umbrella, sometimes only the frame of the latter. What a figure an instant in a comedy. His movement, his glance, and shift of the head are highly laugh provoking. Pete smokes cigarettes, tin pipes and loaded cigars, though he will not touch the latter after they have exploded. The boys up at the Morton gave him a cigarette in a few evenings since, and were given a glorious laugh for their mischief. His face was a picture of contentment as he lit it and began to inhale the smoke. When the explosion came his countenance was an instant in a cloud and his ante-bellum plug hat was jostled to the floor. When he recovered his face was wreathed in smiles and he exclaimed:

"This I'll remember, 'Till next December, 'Till next December."

He has a history.

Pete furnished a number of amusement, but like all eccentrics he has his history and there is a sad side to it which it is sad accounts for his being demented. He was years ago doing a prosperous tailoring business in Muskegon. Fire wrecked his establishment and upon top of this misfortune, death came into his home and snatched his wife and children. The grief of this blow unbalanced his mind and since then he has been a homeless wanderer on the face of the earth, his strollings being between the city and Muskegon. To him life has no purpose and there is enough discerned in his mutterings to show that his heart is in the right place, that he has been possessed of a good education and has been versed in the languages and in religion. He has not forgot his teaching in the latter and is surprisingly pious. Many are touched at his condition and frequently tip him with coin while thoughtful persons fear him. These should remember that it is a fool's wisdom to laugh at the unfortunate.

HAD EATEN CHICKEN.
But It Tasted Very Funny—Somewhat Like Grasshopper.

"Speaking about chicken," said an attenuated individual in the Morton last night, "that reminds me that I was in Kansas when the grasshoppers were there. Awful times those were—just as devastating as war, except the hoppers didn't have enough nerve to massacre grown-up individuals. They were liable to swarm in and fight with bats and babies and even some of those fellows six inches long, and they could chew the bark off a Norway pine tree, if there had been any Norway pines there. I remember when they came. It looked like a cloud at first, and lots of farmers and their teams in the barn under the supposition that it was going to rain."

The cloud kept getting nearer and nearer and finally a sharp sighted man discerned what it was—grasshoppers. There were thousands of millions of them. They came down in swarms and were hungrier than a boy that's been fishing. They swept everything before them. At night there was hardly a spear of grass to tell the story. They remained four or five days, until they had eaten the point off the houses and the rust off the spring tooth harrows. Then they packed up and went away. But what I was going to say about chicken was this. I struck Topeka when the grasshoppers were thicker than congressional candidates. I went to a restaurant and they ordered me some dinner. Among other things the waiter brought me some chicken. It was the most peculiar-looking chicken I had ever seen. The meat was white and in slender pieces not more than two inches long. The gravy was a peculiar color too, and I was suspicious of the whole thing from the go in. But I tasted some of the chicken. It tasted mighty queer. Then I took a mouthful and I knew something was wrong, so I made up my mind I'd find out what I was eating before I ate any more of it. You see, eating grasshoppers, weren't you?" suggested a bearded individual. "No, I wasn't either," replied the long-drawn-out man, testily. "It was chicken, but I hadn't eaten any chicken in so long that it tasted kind of funny."

Complain of Obstructions.
Capt. James Muir of the steamer Barrett and General Manager Van Arman of the Valley City Transportation company have complained to the secretary of war regarding the pier obstructions which they claim the L. S. & M. railroad is building in Grand river at their swing bridge.

Will Move the Mother's Home.
When the buildings are erected on the property near John Falls park, which has recently been purchased by the Sisters of St. Dominic, the Mother's Home at Traverse City will be moved to this city. In connection with this, the academy for training young women as

teachers will be maintained. The object is to centralize the different religious orders of the diocese in this city so far as possible. If, however, the property already purchased can be exchanged for other property more centrally located the exchange will probably be made.

SONGS OF A NATION.

The Fourth Annual Festival of the Polish Singers Society. Polish hall on Jackson street was the scene of a happy gathering of Polish musicians, the occasion being the reception tendered by the Lutnia Singing society, a local organization, to the officers of the United Polish Singers of America and the guests who have arrived in the city to attend the fourth annual festival, which opens this evening in Arnetter hall. Frank Grygla of Milwaukee called the meeting to order, and in his remarks, which were made in the Polish language, he said that inasmuch as it was a surprise to himself and to the citizens of this city that they should appear before the Lutnia society it was a still greater surprise that they should have the pleasure of the presence of the Rev. Walajats of Hilliards station. After a few pleasing introductory remarks the speaker introduced the returned gentleman who was greeted with applause. Mr. Walajats gave a brief address, in which he said the education of a nation is judged by the melody of its songs, its literary works and its poetry. He was glad to be among the members of the national and local associations which have done much to raise the standard of music.

Several choruses were given by the local members and an orchestra furnished music. A few popular dances were also given. The officers of the United Polish Singers are: C. J. M. Malek, president; Martin Schubert, vice president; Edward I. Slupski, general secretary; Max Kucera, treasurer, all of Milwaukee.

The festival will be under the direction of the city's mayor, Mayor Malek of Chicago. The guests last night from Milwaukee were: Roman Czerwinski, city controller; F. Kna-sinski of the water department; Alderman Andrejewski, J. Celichowski, of the health department; Mart Schubert, deputy sheriff; C. J. M. Mallet, of the state land department, and about twenty others. Those from Chicago were: John Smutski, J. Kelowski, S. Pliska, A. Sowinski, M. Galkowski, S. Tercewski, and about twenty-five others. The city will participate in the festival. Prof. Wellenstein of this city will furnish a special orchestra for the occasion.

Professor Carty Quits 'Em.
Professor Carty, a former active member of the people's party, asks, "Where am I?" and has come to the conclusion that he is in the wrong place since the democratic congressional convention, held in this city September 8. He has formally resigned from the four committees of the people's party, of which he was a member, and will soon publish his formal withdrawal from the party.

General Harrison Voters.
An organization of veteran voters who cast their ballot for General Harrison in 1840 is about to be formed in this city. All those voters are requested to leave their names and address at the Lincoln club rooms or at the county committee headquarters. Arrangements for their attendance at campaign meetings in a body will be made.

City News in Brief.
Checks drawn on the New State Bank, corner of Pearl and Ottawa, are received at par in any bank in Michigan. Its savings department has become quite a popular feature, 4 per cent interest is paid on deposits.

The women of Valley City Live, L. O. T. M., will give a box social and card party Wednesday evening in the hall at the corner of Sycamore and South Division streets.

The uniform rank, Knights of the Maccabees, will open their dancing season Thursday evening with a grand masquerade ball in the hall at No. 6 Pearl street.

Mrs. Treat will address the city teachers on "Kindergarten Work" in the grammar room in the central high school building Thursday evening at 7:30.

The funeral of Lewis M. Murphy, who died Saturday at the residence of his parents, No. 183 Ottawa street, will be held today from the Catholic church at Gratian.

The funeral of the late Thomas Gibbons will take place at the family residence, No. 204 Barclay street, at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

H. W. Stebbins and wife, W. B. Folger and wife, F. C. Heath and wife and F. H. Escott and wife spent yesterday at Highland Park.

The week Berkey & Gay will offer at special sale a line of parlor furniture. Be sure and give them a call if you want a bargain.

The board of managers of the Woman's Home and Hospital will meet at the home, No. 60 Roswick street, this afternoon at 2:30.

This week Berkey & Gay will offer at special sale a line of parlor furniture. Be sure and give them a call if you want a bargain.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Girls' Friendly society of St. Mark's parish will be held in the chapel tomorrow evening.

A successor to Lieutenant A. J. Giddings, who has been promoted to be adjutant, will be elected by Company B tonight.

WHAT CAN THEY DO

This Has Been the Year of Record Breaking.

THE SEASON IS INCOMPLETE

And the Time at Which the Best Records Have Always Been Made Is Yet to Come.

Every year on the turf has peculiarities by which it is distinguished from the others that precede or follow it. In '81 for instance the famous quartet of pacers made their memorable campaign, and Mattie Hunter, Rowdy Boy, Blind Tom and Buffalo Girl, known to this day as the "big four," did much to make racing at the lateral rail popular. Since that time we have had years when public attention was almost wholly centered on record breaking performances by trotters, as when in '84 Maud S and Jay-Eye-See fought for the crown, which finally rested with the chestnut mare and remained there for seven years. Last year may be aptly called a stallion year. From the beginning of the trotting season the sensational performers were mainly entire horses. When the first meetings came in May the black Egbert stallion Temple Bar began to pull off the slow class races in Tennessee, and he started on an average of once a week his route laying through the northwestern circuit, through Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota. Success followed him closely, his only defeat of the year being at Minneapolis, where he was decidedly off and was beaten by the powerful brown mare Blaneberry. Coming to Detroit he met a field of ten of the choicest trotters in his class.

Expelled at Cleveland.
In the merchants' and manufacturers' \$10,000 stake, and after the first heat, which went to Prodigal, brother to Patron 2:14, he won handily. How his owner, his driver and himself were expelled the next week at Cleveland after he had won his race, will be remembered by all, and the case now pending brought against the Cleveland association for damages by Dr. Sale, his owner, for unwarranted expulsion promises to be a sensational one and may settle the question whether a set of judges is clothed with authority to expel an owner's character and rob him of the chances of winning money and reputation with his horse on nothing more than a suspicion of an attempt at fraud. About this time attention was called to the afterward famous colt Monbars, the greatest race colt that has yet appeared, and no great meeting was complete for the balance of the year unless he appeared in a race or in a trial against time. Always successful he cut the 2-year-old record of Sund from 2:18 to 2:16, and won every race, pulling off for his share over \$13,000. Then Nelson, at this time the champion stallion, under lan on National tracks, came west to take advantage of his temporary reinstatement and began a series of interesting exhibitions, a 2-year-old record to 2:10 over the Comstock park track, and later in the season met defeat by Allerton, the iron horse from Iowa, in a race that caused greater excitement than any other that ever took place on the trotting turf. Then Allerton, having cut the stallion record to 2:09, defeating Nelson's 2:10 and Delmar's 2:11, retired for the winter, apparently safe in the possession of the stallion crown.

Gamy Old Palo Alto.
But on the sunny slope there was a determined owner of a crippled stallion, and he had in his employ an industrious old trainer. After the eastern landscape had begun to whiten with the early snows, they repaired to the lightning kite track at Stockton, and after repeated failures, his leg smoothed by cocaine, gamy old Palo Alto cut a half second from the mark set by the brown son of Jay Bird and Gusie Wilkes, placing the stallion record at 2:08. But poor old Palo Alto was worn out by the wearying preparation and fell on a easy prey to pneumonia, and died in his infirm stall at the great establishment whose name he bore. It is a curious coincidence that during the afternoon in which the old horse was breathing his last, Jack was winning the third fastest four heat race on record at that time over the same track at Detroit where Palo Alto met the only two defeats of his eventful career, once by Jack in the fastest four heat race ever trotted up to that time, and once by Wilton. About this time Marvin placed about every world's record to the credit of the sons and daughters of Election, but the greatest of all was the mile in 2:10 by the little 2-year-old stallion Arion, since sold to J. Malcolm Forbes of Boston, owner of the queen Nanny Hanks, 2:05, for \$125,000. Those who saw Nelson go his fastest mile at Comstock track can realize the grandeur of the performance of a 2-year-old colt, just fifteen hands high and weighing only 750 pounds, only three-quarters of a second slower than the time in which the mighty Maine horse marched his merrier mile. The stallion paces, too, more than held their own. The great races in the free-for-all class late in the year, lay between Roy Wilkes, Guy and Grant's Abdallah, while the converted trotter Direct won, with only a single defeat, the greatest series of races on record.

The racing season of 1922 is yet too young to warrant any prediction as to what its special peculiarities may be, though it has already eclipsed any former year in its brilliancy. The wholesale destruction of records, already great may prove to be only fairly begun, for ordinarily there are few horses in record-breaking condition until late in the fall, and the wet and backward spring would lead to the supposition that the horses are backward in their work also. The marked season of record making for the year has been the sensational pacers that have come from unexpected quarters, and with a gameness with which they have never before displayed as a class have fought out races of divided heats in unprecedented time.

Flying Jib and Mascot.
A third heat by Flying Jib in 2:07 and a fifth by Mascot in 2:05 are examples. It is probable that the ball-bearing pneumatic milky should have the credit for a share of this, for, relieved of a portion of the draft, many a speedy but faint hearted horse can give a whole mile at once to his best friend. This is certainly true of the short bred ones like Mascot, for this little bay gelding was as fast as a ghost last season, but would cough it up in the stretch if any horse carried him fast from the wire. But he can draw the little wheels a good eastern pace. It is entirely probable that before winter overcasts become the rage we may be treated to a race between Hal Pointer, Flying Jib, Mascot and Jay-Eye-See. Should this quartette, the "big four" of '92, come together

ARE ON THEIR WAY

Plans for Remodeling the Government Building

WILL ARRIVE IN A FEW DAYS

Frank Grygla, the Assistant Superintendent of Repairs for the Treasury Department, is Here.

Frank Grygla of Washington is a guest at the Morton. Mr. Grygla is assistant superintendent of repairs of the treasury department, and is in the city primarily for the purpose of looking over the plans for the remodeling of the government building. To a reporter for THE HERALD he said: "The officials at Washington have notified me that the plans have been sent and will be received in this city in a day or two. I can not tell just what changes are involved. The new plans have been drawn with the view of meeting the present requirements of the government building, and also to make ample provision for the future. I know only the recommendations that have been made, and have no idea of the details of the plans as prepared by the architects."

I should not have come here for two or three days yet, but am interested in the work of the Polish societies and come early in order that I might attend the meetings with my friends. By the time the societies have completed their work the plans will be here and I can then submit them to officials in the government building."

CHARGED WITH BASTARDY.

Rodger Schofield Arrested on Complaint of Emma Kent.

Under Sheriff Walsh returned from Potosky yesterday afternoon with Rodger Schofield whom he arrested at that place on a warrant charging him with bastardy. The warrant was issued from police court a few days ago on complaint of Emma Kent, a domestic employed at the Warwick hotel. Schofield was also employed at the same hotel, but he had left there about three weeks ago for his home in Potosky. Shortly after Schofield left the Warwick hotel Kent was taken to the Emmerson home where she now is. He is a young man 19 years old and the complainant is a few months older. Schofield is charged with bastardy to the fact that he had been with the complainant for the last three years and had paid some attention to her. Some time before he left she informed him of her condition and accused him of being responsible for her trouble. He told her that he could do nothing about it as he had no money. Since his departure from the city the girl has been corresponding with him on the most friendly terms. When asked if he would plead guilty to the charge, Schofield said he would say nothing about it until after he has a talk with the complainant and her mother, who is a cook at Mill Creek.

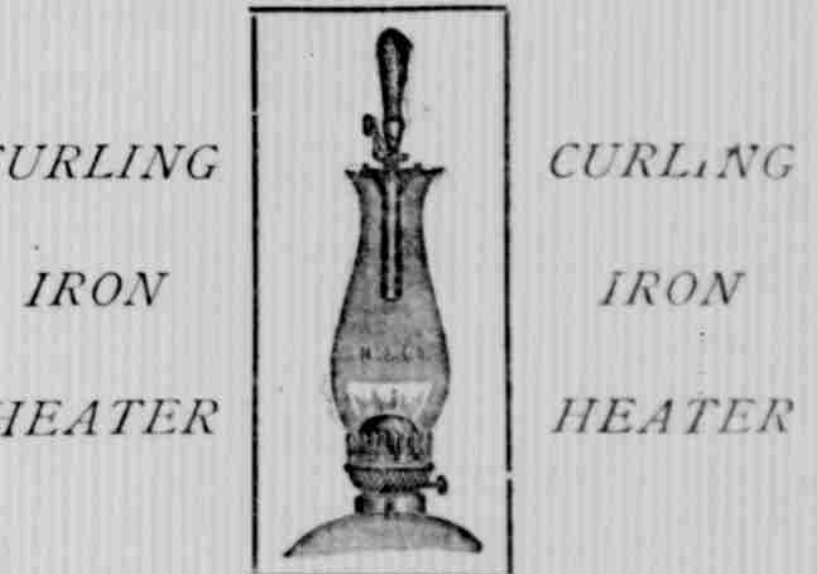
Real Estate Meeting.

The real estate exchange will meet in Secretary Tuttle's tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock for the purpose of electing a delegate to the national association which meets in Buffalo in November. The subject of a permanent location for the association will also be considered.

O TEMPORA! O MORES.

IN OTHER WORDS, WHERE WAS I AT?

We cannot answer the above question, but will say to all the Ladies of Grand Rapids that you should, at your very earliest convenience, be at Foster, Stevens & Co.'s, buying the finest article in the way of



Ever invented. It consists of a brass tube attached to a metal rim; then you can place in a lamp chimney, in a grate or in the fireplace of a store. In a few moments heat enough will have been communicated to it to heat quickly the curling iron placed therein. Ladies will appreciate this mostly, as it does away with wiping the iron, which takes time, soils the hands and often burns a finger or two.

Beauty Unadorned is Adorned the Most.

Some say, but catering to the wants of those who believe that Art can add a little to Nature's work, we carry an assortment of Hair Curriers extensive enough to suit the tastes of the most fastidious. We will take pleasure in showing them.

